

JUMBO COMICS.

No. 85
MAR.
10¢

SHEENA,
Jungle Queen, in
"RED TUSKS OF
ZULU-ZAAN"
also a new
GHOST GALLERY
thriller....



COOL COMICS!

**EA CHA CHA A WINNER...
JAM-PACKED WITH
FAST ACTION AND
DRAMATIC ADVENTURE!**

ON SALE 25%

ON SALE - 25%

Jump

PLANET COMICS

197

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SHEENA

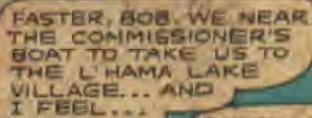
Queen of the Jungle

BY

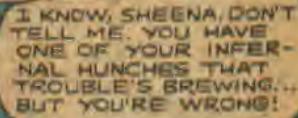
W. MORGAN THOMAS

FROM ACROSS THE RIVER
BOOMED THE GHOST VOICE.
PAY YOUR TRIBUTE TO THE
SKY-BIRDS! LET THE MESSENGER
BE YOUR QUEEN."

BUT IT WAS SHEENA WHO
MET THE FLAME-CREATURES
IN A RENDEZVOUS WITH
DEATH!



FASTER, BOB. WE NEAR
THE COMMISSIONER'S
BOAT TO TAKE US TO
THE L'HAMA LAKE
VILLAGE... AND
I FEEL...



I KNOW, SHEENA, DON'T
TELL ME. YOU HAVE
ONE OF YOUR INFERNAL
HUNCHES THAT
TROUBLE'S BREWING...
BUT YOU'RE WRONG!

ANYWAY, FORGET YOUR INTUITION AND TELL ME WHY THE COMMISSIONER IS GOING TO L'HAMA.

AN OLD CUSTOM, BOB. THE NATIVES CAPTURE THE RARE *Tuka* BIRD, AND ONCE EACH YEAR THEY GIVE ONE TO THE COMMISSIONER AS A TOKEN OFFERING.

WHILE AHEAD...

ALMOST TIME FOR SHEENA TO MEET ME AND I CAN'T SAY I'M NOT GLAD. THERE'S STILL SOMETHING ABOUT THIS JUNGLE INTERIOR THAT SETS MY NERVES ON EDGE.



AND, HIDDEN ASHORE...

THAT'S HIM, BILL, THE COMMISSIONER... LET HIM HAVE IT... AN' DON'T MISS!

CUT THE ADVICE, BLACKIE, I KNOW MY WAY AROUND WITH A RIFLE.

SUDDENLY...

RIEE! BOOM-STICK HIT BOSS MAN!



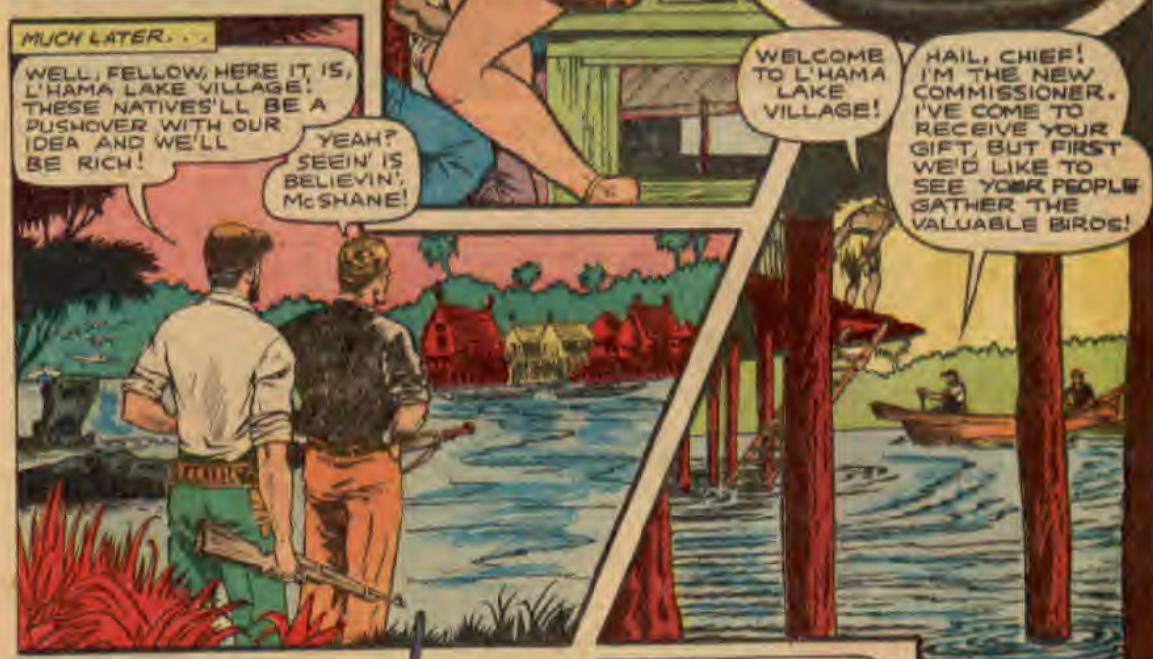
NICKED ME BADLY... BUT MAYBE I CAN TAG THEM!

SUDDENLY...

BOOMSTICK FIRE! WHAT...

QUICK SHEENA! TWO MEN ON SHORE TRYING TO KILL THE COMMISSIONER!





WELCOME TO L'HAMA LAKE VILLAGE!

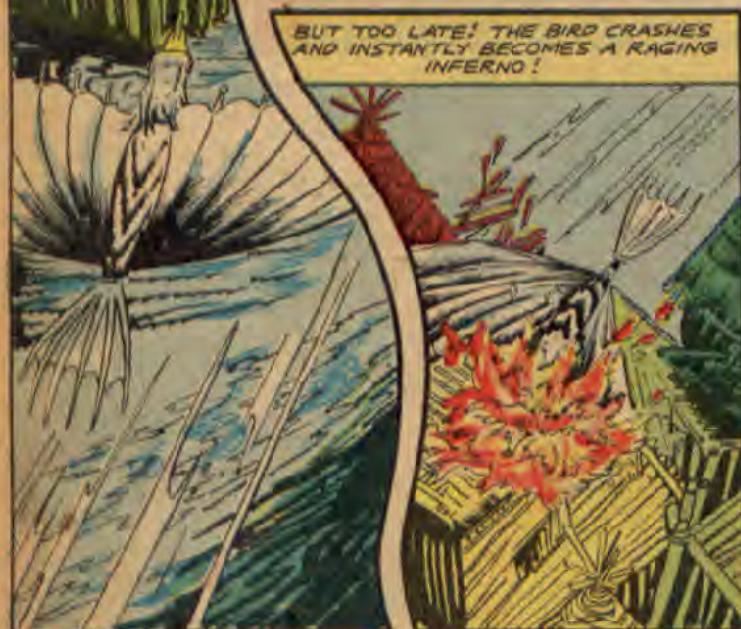
HAIL, CHIEF! I'M THE NEW COMMISSIONER. I'VE COME TO RECEIVE YOUR GIFT, BUT FIRST WE'D LIKE TO SEE YOUR PEOPLE GATHER THE VALUABLE BIRDS!





JUMBO COMICS







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WHAT A LAYOUT! FROM THAT LAUNCHING PLATFORM THE FRAMEWORK OF FEATHERS AND SLATS ARE CATAPOULTED ACROSS THE LAKE!



BUT...

NOT SO FAST, BIG BOY, I THINK THE BOSS'D LIKE TO SEE YOU!



MAY THE GODS OF THE LAKE L'HAMA BE WITH YOU, PERFORM YOUR MISSION WELL AND RETURN SOON WITH PEACE FOR YOUR HUMBLE PEOPLE.

I MUST RETURN WITH PEACE AND BOB!



MINUTES LATER,
AS BOB AWAKENS...

WHAT TH'...STRAPPED
TO THE BOMB!

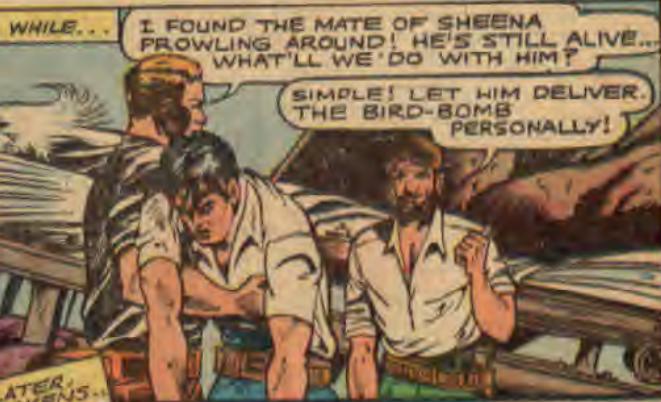
BE READY
TO FIRE!



ALL OUR SACRED DIVING EQUIPMENT IS THERE!

BEFORE I ACT, I MUST FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO BOB!

I'LL GET THIS STUFF IN THE PLANE. YOU RELEASE THE BIRD-BOMB AND THEN WE'LL SCRAM.



SUDDENLY...

HERE COMES THE VILLAGE QUEEN WITH THE LOOT!

COME! WE'LL MEET HER ON THE SHORE!



GO UP, HAGGARD, AND CUT THE THING LOOSE. TOO BAD SHEENA ISN'T HERE TO SEE HER WEAKLING MATE DIE!



BOB! TRAPPED LIKE A BEAST! MUST MOVE SWIFTLY!

SORRY, SISTER, BUT I GOTTA PLUG YOU!





ZX-5 Spies in ACTION

BY MAJOR THORPE

WHO IS THE STRANGE, MYSTERIOUS GIRL WHO DISAPPEARS EVERY DAY WITH THE TURKISH MINISTER OF PROPAGANDA? WHAT DANGER LURKS BEHIND THE CLOSED DOORS...WHAT HORROR IS SOON TO STRIKE? HIDDEN WELL WERE THE ANSWERS...BUT ZX-5 PICKED UP A TANGLED THREAD, TRACED IT TO ISTANBUL, AND EVEN NOW...



JUST AS WE THOUGHT, AHMED, THAT'S FRAULEIN ZAEHN, BRINGING THE MINISTER TO THE SANITORIUM. IF WE COULD ONLY KNOW WHAT SHE'S SAYING.

BUT WE CAN, ZX; HAVE I NOT LEARNED THE ART OF LIP READING?

PATIENCE, HASSAN. FOR TODAY'S TREATMENT IS THE IMPORTANT ONE...TOMORROW YOU WILL BE A NEW MAN!

TREATMENT? NEW MAN? I'VE GOT TO SEE WHAT GIVES, AHMED. START YOUR LAD'S ROLLING!

AYE, ZX, AHMED CALLING TRAKAN. LET THE TRUCK PROCEED AS PLANNED!



MINUTES LATER, AT THE SANATORIUM GATE...

AH, OTTO, IS NOT FRAULEIN ZAEHN THE CLEVER ONE? JA, HASSAN IS BUT A CHILD IN HER HANDS! SOON THERE WILL RISE A...

A TRUCK CRASHING OUR GATES... SOUND THE ALARM!

CALLING ALL GUARDS TO MAIN GATE! UNIDENTIFIED TRUCK HAS CRASHED THROUGH... TAKE ALL PERSONS PRISONERS!



COULDN'T BE! LET'S STICK NEAR THE WALL! COME!

MY LUCKY DAY! NOW IF I CAN JUST MAKE THAT CELLAR DOOR!

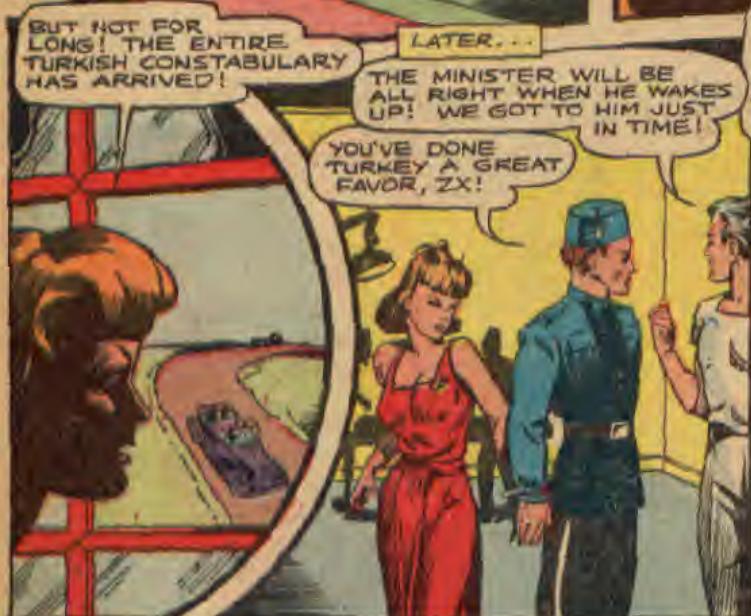


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JUMBO COMICS



TAKE HALF THE CREDIT FOR YOURSELF, AHMED! IF YOU HADN'T TIMED YOUR BREAK-THROUGH SO PERFECTLY, IT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE!



FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF ZX-5, APPEARING EVERY MONTH IN
JUMBO Comics!

Stuart TAYLOR

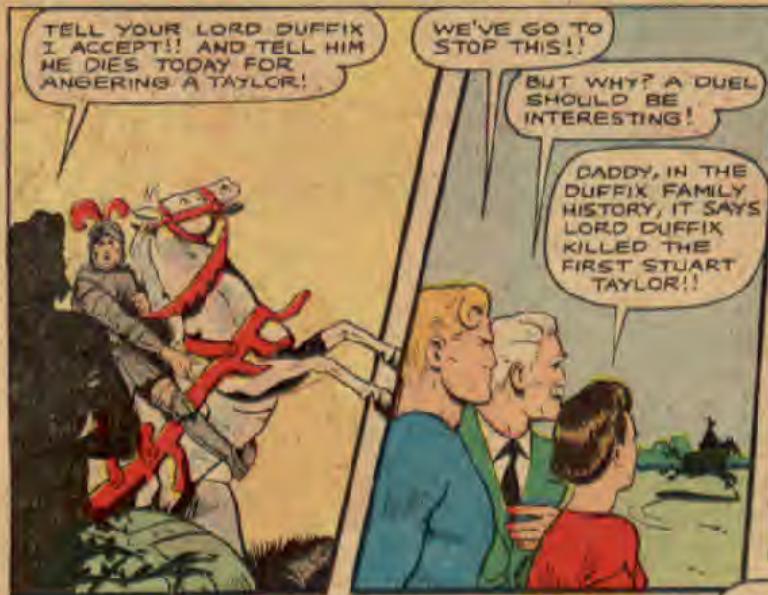
in WEIRD STORIES of the SUPERNATURAL

BY CURT DAVIS

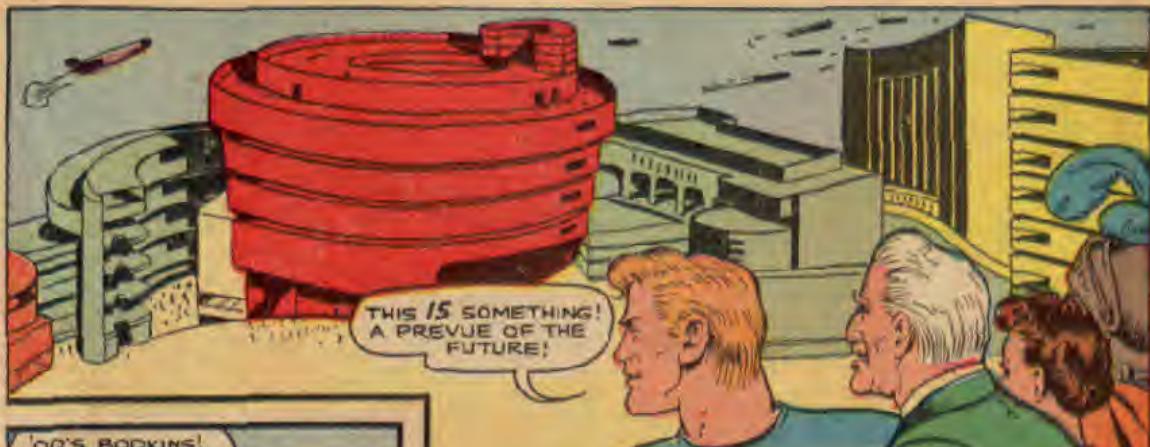




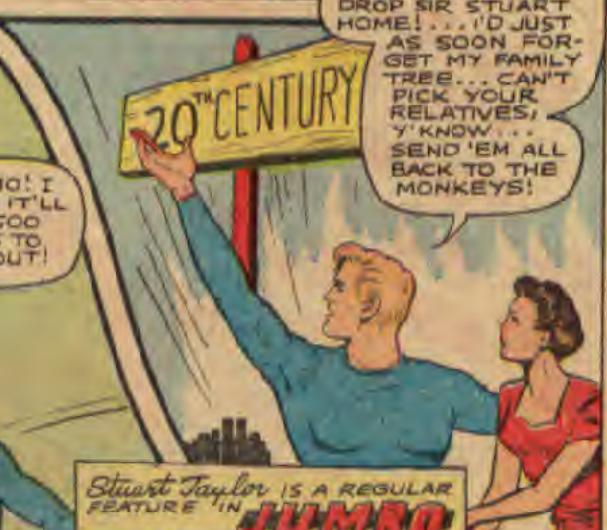
JUMBO COMICS







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Stuart Taylor is a regular feature in **JUMBO**

LORE OF THE JUNGLE GIANTS

By NORMAN LESLIE...

ARE GORILLAS WOMAN STEALERS?

"NO," SAY THE OWL-EYED SCIENTISTS. "SUCH TALES ARE LEGENDS — UNFOUNDED."

"YES," SAY THE SUN-BRONZED JUNGLE TRADERS, AND SNEAK IN AWED VOICES OF THE CAPTURE OF MARIE TOULAIN BY A CONGO APE-TRIBE...



DO GORILLAS HAVE A KING?



DO GORILLAS HAVE HOMES?

"NO. THEY ARE CONSTANTLY ON THE MOVE AND BUILD A NEW NEST EACH NIGHT."



YES, AND HE MUST BE EVER PREPARED TO DEFEND HIS KINGSHIP WITH PAW AND FANG...

SKY GIRL

BY BILL GIBSON

SEE THE PRETTY DRAGON? IT
WANTS SOME OF WHAT GINGER
MAGUIRE'S DRINKING. WANTS IT
BADLY. IF YOU'LL READ
THIS STORY, YOU'LL SEE WHY!



GINGER, STATIONED IN TOKYO,
ENTERS THE R.X. . .

FRANKIE, GOT ANY
POGEY BAIT? SAY,
WHAT'S THIS?

SAKE...



YEAH, THEY SPELL IT 'SAKE' AND PRO-
OUNCE IT 'SOCKY'... DON'T DRINK IT,
OR, YOU'LL
FIND OUT
WHY!

IT'S THE JAPS' OWN
SECRET WEAPON...
PUT IT DOWN
BEFORE IT
GOES OFF!

AW, YOU'RE
TEASING
ME!



JUMBO COMICS







JUMBO COMICS







GOLD IS FOR FOOLS

BY TOM ALEXANDER

IT was little Chim, the chimpanzee, who awakened Sheena and Bob.

He came swinging excitedly into the tree hut, chattering wildly, and pressed his soft muzzle against Sheena's cheek. And Sheena knew, instantly, that there was trouble in the jungle.

Likely she came to her feet, her golden skin reflecting the darts of early morning sunlight filtering through the roof of palm leaves. Outside the air was limpid and pure and, from nearby, came the liquid splashing of a little waterfall.

"Hi-yee," she cried to the sleeping Bob. "Awaken, lazy one. The sun is high and Chim brings news of disaster." Bob stirred sleepily, then sprang to his feet as Sheena emptied the contents of a gourd over him.

"Sheena . . . why . . . Oof, I'm wet clear through! Now what's up?"

But Sheena had gone, swinging by a vine across the little pool which lay below the tree hut, and coming to rest in the very top of a huge tree. For a moment she shaded her eyes and peered out over the great spreading mass of the jungle, then she turned and beckoned to Bob.

"Hurry, Bob. Chim was right. There is trouble to the north, where lies the village of the Umbonee!"

"Chi-chi-chi . . ." It was Chim, asking for a ride across the pool. Bob lifted the little chimpanzee to his shoulder and, when Sheena sent the vine swinging back to him, he gave a mighty push and leaped into the air. Like a human pendulum he arced across the sky and came to rest in the tree beside Sheena. Never would he be able to travel through the trees with the speed of Sheena, but Bob had learned much since he had become a jungle denizen.

Now, looking to the north, he saw that it was as Sheena had said. Great gusts of smoke had climbed into the sky and were spreading, while below the smoke he could see a moving red thing that could only be flames.

"The village," Bob gasped. "It's the Umbonee village going up in flames. But . . ."

He looked at Sheena then and paused. She was rigid and in her eyes was a flame that rivaled that on the horizon.

"The Tauoreg," she said, and her voice was cold with rage. "The Forgotten of God have raided again. They enslave my people and drive them away to die in chains!"

Bob said nothing. It was so. The authorities had tried in vain to halt the depredations of the fierce Arab tribe called the Tauoreg—the Forgotten of God. Not even Sheena, Queen of the Jungle, had been able to keep them away for long. They feared Sheena, but nevertheless they made lightning raids, burning villages and driving away great numbers of her people to be sold into slavery in far lands. Bob wondered, now, what Sheena would do.

"Come," said Sheena. "It is no time for dawdling. I must teach these thieves of my people that such things cannot be—not while Sheena is alive, and Queen!"

Back in the tree hut Bob followed Sheena's instructions. He packed dried bubba berries and maize in palm-leaf containers that could be strapped to their backs. Chim was sent to fill the coconut canteens at the little stream of pure water. All these preparations, Bob knew, pointed to a long trek.

"What is your plan, Sheena?" he asked as they stood ready to depart.

Sheena smiled. "It is only a little plan, not yet fully grown. I shall not tell you until it becomes so. . . . I say only this: You must hasten by the river to where the Tauoreg must cross. The way is short and you will arrive before them. Little Chim and I will be always within sound of your voice. When I desire it I will send Chim with the rest of the plan. Now, Bob, good-bye. I send my strength with you—that you return safely."

Several hours later, as his crude dugout canoe approached the ford where the Tauoreg must cross with their prisoners, Bob was still puzzled. What did Sheena intend to do? Whatever it was, it was evident that she needed time. That was why he had been sent to this place—to delay the Arabs. Sheena had said, and this it was that most puzzled Bob, that he was to talk to the Tauoreg chieftains—that he was to promise them gold if they would follow them to the Place of the Stones! And that place was but a barren gully, choked with boulders which had baked in the tropical sun for centuries. There was no gold there, Bob sighed. He had heard of the tortures of the Arabs—and when they found no gold! But then Sheena would be nearby.

Hardly had the prow of his canoe grated on the shore than Bob heard the sound. Like the wailing of a thousand lost souls. And, as an overtone, came the jingling of chains. A moment later the sorrowful cavalcade

came into sight, writhing like a dusty, despairing worm along the narrow trail. Fierce, bearded men, mounted on beautiful swift horses, hemmed in the column on all sides. Occasionally a whip would rise and fall and a cry of pain pierced the jungle fastness.

Bob leaped from his canoe and held one arm aloft.

"Hold," he cried. "I want to talk to your chief."

To his surprise two men rode out of the column and bore down upon him, riding in reckless fashion. Both carried swords in their hands. Bob felt for the butt of his revolver, and the cold steel was reassuring. He wondered if Sheena was in the trees nearby.

The two men reined in at the last moment. Another second and Bob would have been crushed beneath the hooves.

"I am chief here," cried one of the men, a tall, dirty looking ruffian whose clothes were stained with dirt and the remains of many meals.

"You lie in your beard, Ali Ben," cried the other man. "I alone am chief! And I alone will talk to this infidel who dares to delay us."

Good, thought Bob. They fight among themselves. It will make Sheena's task easier. Then he had no more time for thought, but addressed himself to the task of lying skillfully and mightily, as Sheena had instructed him. He hated lying, but there was no other course.

"I desire to travel with you," he said. "I am a prospector and I have found gold nearby—in the Place of the Stones. I must go to the authorities and register my claim."

Cupidity grew in the eyes of the man called Ali Ben. "Gold!" he boomed. "Take us to this gold, that we may see for ourselves. Then we will see whether or not you travel with us."

There was a slither of steel on steel and Bob saw that the other mounted man had half drawn the sword which he had only just sheathed. He spoke angrily. "If there is gold, I will be the one to see it first, Ali Ben. You forget again who is chief here."

"Not you," snarled Ali Ben. "I have sworn on the Prophet's Beard that I will have your heart out, but not at the moment. First let us see some of this gold." He swung his sword menacingly in the air. "You have some of the yellow metal with you?"

"Why, I . . ." began Bob, then stopped. What was that small figure racing toward him from the trees? Chim! With all watching the small chimpanzee came scampering across the earth to Bob. "Chi-chi-chi . . ." he cried as he leaped into Bob's welcoming arms.

Bob's heart sang within him. Sheena was near. Then he felt something strange and, looking down, saw a leather sack about Chim's neck. A moment later he poured a handful of rocks into his hands. Rocks—and in them, sparkling in the sun, little points of shiny metal. Bob looked at the two Arabs. Did they know what the stuff was?

Ali Ben grabbed the leather sack from Bob. He took one look and then spoke to a retainer. "It is gold! Bind this man and he will take us to the place whence this came—or he will be left for the ants to eat, after his face has been smeared with honey."

Hours later they came to the Place of the Stones, a place of forbidding aspect where giant boulders dotted the ground and dark, clammy caves reached into the bowels of the earth. Now, thought Bob, they will surely torture me, for there is no gold here.

A shout went up from the Arabs. Both Ali Ben and the other claimant to the chieftainship spurred their horses and went forward at a gallop.

"Gold!" shouted one Arab. "Gold . . . tons of gold . . . it lies scattered about the ground like sand. Gold for all!"

Ali Ben slashed the man with his sword, then swung from his horse and began clawing at the ground. "It is mine," he screamed. "Let it alone. It is all mine!" Too late he saw the horse of his opponent rearing over him. A sword drove down and entered his throat. "Die, Ali Ben," cried the other man. "Die and leave the gold to me." Then he too was on his hands and knees, shoveling the precious nuggets into his pockets. Everywhere the Arabs were fighting and tearing at each other, trying to get their fill of the precious stuff.

In the midst of all this Bob looked up to see Sheena—high on a ledge overhead. Literally, leaping from rock to rock, she came down into the gully.

"Strike!" she cried. "Strike; my people. Kill those who enslaved you."

Using their chained hands as weapons, the Umbonet fell upon their captors. It was bloody justice, wreaked in an incredibly short time.

Once more at the river, Bob and Sheena, with Chim chittering in the bow, paddled slowly homeward.

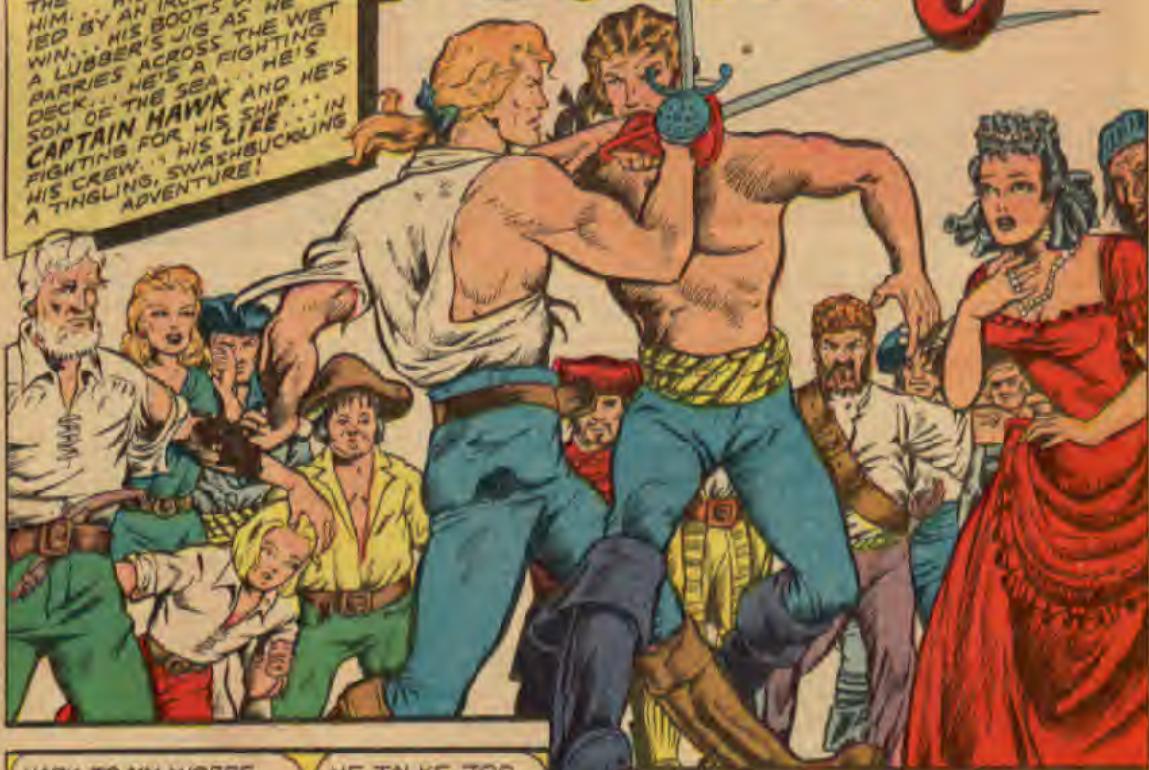
"Lucky for us," said Bob, "that the Tao-reg didn't know real gold from mica, though it does sparkle like gold. It sure fooled them."

"Yes," said Sheena. "Your people call it fool's gold. And it is—for they are fools who put gold before human beings. It is not so in the jungle."

The Hawk

BY WILLIS
RENSIE

HIS BLADE AS KEEN AS
THE TENSE AIR ABOUT
HIM. HIS HAND STEAD-
IED BY AN IRON WILL TO
WIN... HIS BOOTS DANCE
A LUBBER'S JIG AS HE
PARADES ACROSS THE WET
DECK... HE'S A FIGHTING
SON OF THE SEA... HE'S
CAPTAIN HAWK AND HE'S
FIGHTING FOR HIS SHIP... IN
HIS CREW... HIS LIFE... IN
A TINGLING, SWASHBUCKLING
ADVENTURE!



HARK TO MY WORDS,
CAPT'N. EVEN IF LADY
EDITH IS THE WEALTHI-
EST WOMAN IN PORT,
SHE'S OUT OF YOUR
CLASS... SHE'S A
LADY, AN'...

HE TALKS TOO
MUCH. DOESN'T
HE, MY PRETTY?

OH,
SIR!

AS A LADY, MY DEAR MATE, LADY
EDITH IS SUPERB. AS A MERCHANT
SHE IS A THIEF... BREAKS EVERY
REGULATION IN THE BOOK OF
SHIPPING RIGHTS... THEY'LL
CATCH UP WITH HER, TOO... THAT'S
WHY SHE NEEDS THE ADVICE OF
CAPTAIN NIMBLE!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE DASHING CAPTAIN HAS ARRIVED AT HIS DESTINATION...



IT MUST BE A BIG CATCH THAT BRINGS YOU ASHORE, CAPTAIN!

I COME AS A PROTECTOR TO A FRIEND, NOT AS A FISHERMAN, MADAME.



WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I NEED PROTECTION?

I HAVE JUST COME FROM CASALANA. A CERTAIN MERCHANT THERE WISHES YOU DISASTER, AND THE GOVERNMENT AGREES WITH HIM. THEY EMPLOYED CAPTAIN HAWK TO PATROL THE LANES YOU USE!

BLAST THE GOVERNMENT, AND CASALANA... AND THE HAWK!

YOU MEAN, NO ONE WOULD EVER CONNECT OUR NAMES, WOULD THEY? WHAT IS YOUR SUM?

A QUARTER OF A MILLION DOUBLONS, IN ADVANCE



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, CAPTAIN NIMBLE PULLS INTO THE TEETH OF A GALE, LEAVING BEHIND HIM THE FLAMING PORT OF CASALANA.

WE WERE LUCKY THE STORM GAVE US THE EXCUSE TO LAY UP AT CASALANA. NO DOUBT THEY'LL THINK THE LIGHTNING STARTED THE FIRE, CAPTAIN.

ALWAYS KEEP YOUR PROMISE TO A LADY, MATE.. BRINGS YOU LUCK.



BEGGIN' YOUR GRACE, CAPT'N, ME THROAT IS CURLIN' UP FROM THE RAIN BLOWIN' SALT AGAIN' IT, COULD I HAVE ME WATER RATION, SIR?

WE'VE GOT TO RENEW THAT SUPPLY, SIR. IF THE MEN KNEW HOW LOW WE BE, THEY'D MUTINY FAST!

AYE, SIR! HO, HO! WOULDN'T IT BE SPORT IF THE FIRST WAS THE LADY SCARLETT?

STAND BY AND THE MATE WILL SERVE YE.. ONE OUNCE.. NO MORE...

I KNOW.. HOIST THE JOLLY ROGER.. WE'LL GET WATER FROM THE FIRST SAIL WE SPY!

EH! YOUR HUMOR SMELLS LIKE FISH IN THE SUN.. GET TO WORK!

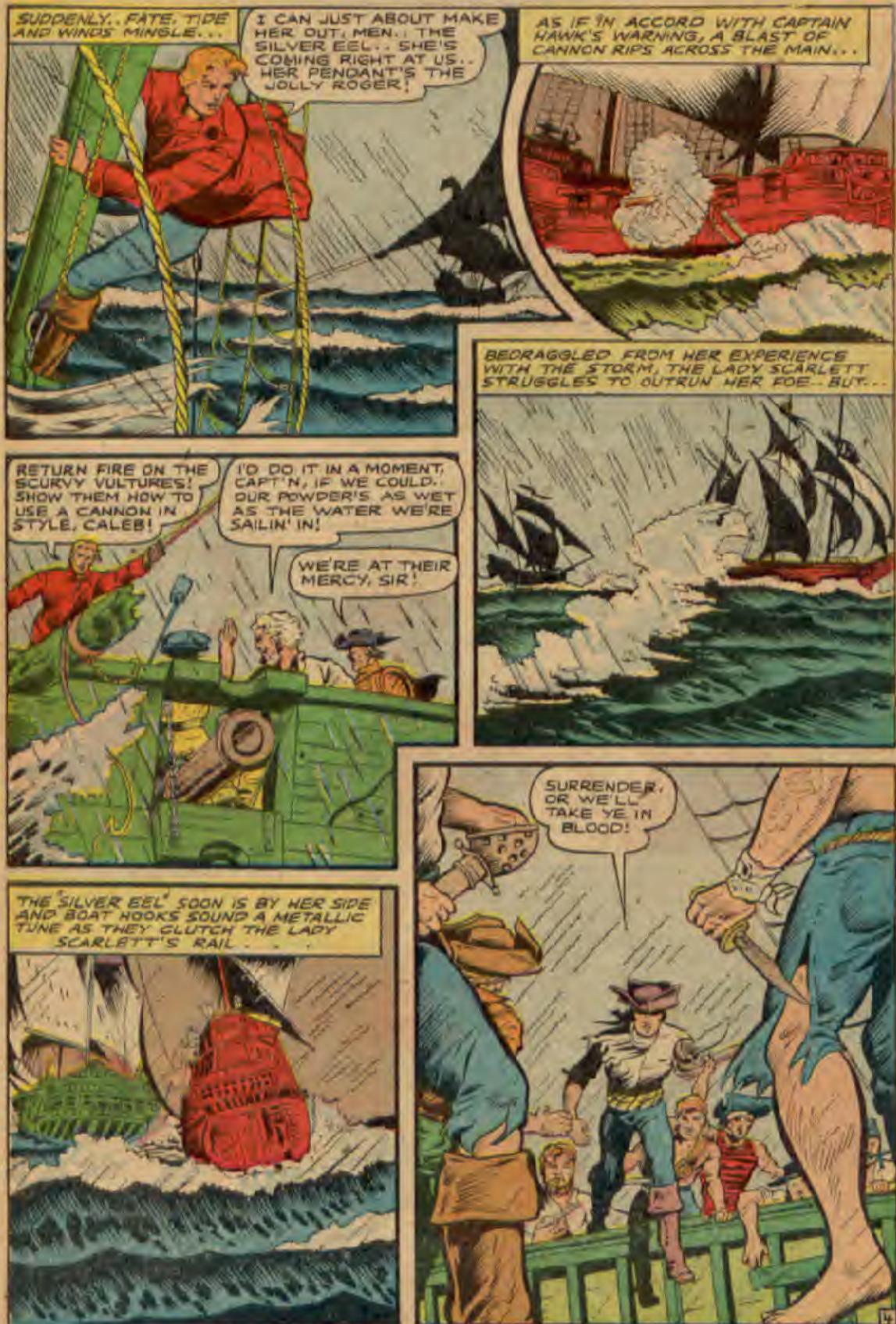


MEANWHILE, VERY CLOSE TO THE SILVER BEL, THE LADY SCARLETT IS STOUTLY RIDING THE STORM...

WE HOLD A STEADY COURSE, CAPTAIN HAWK!

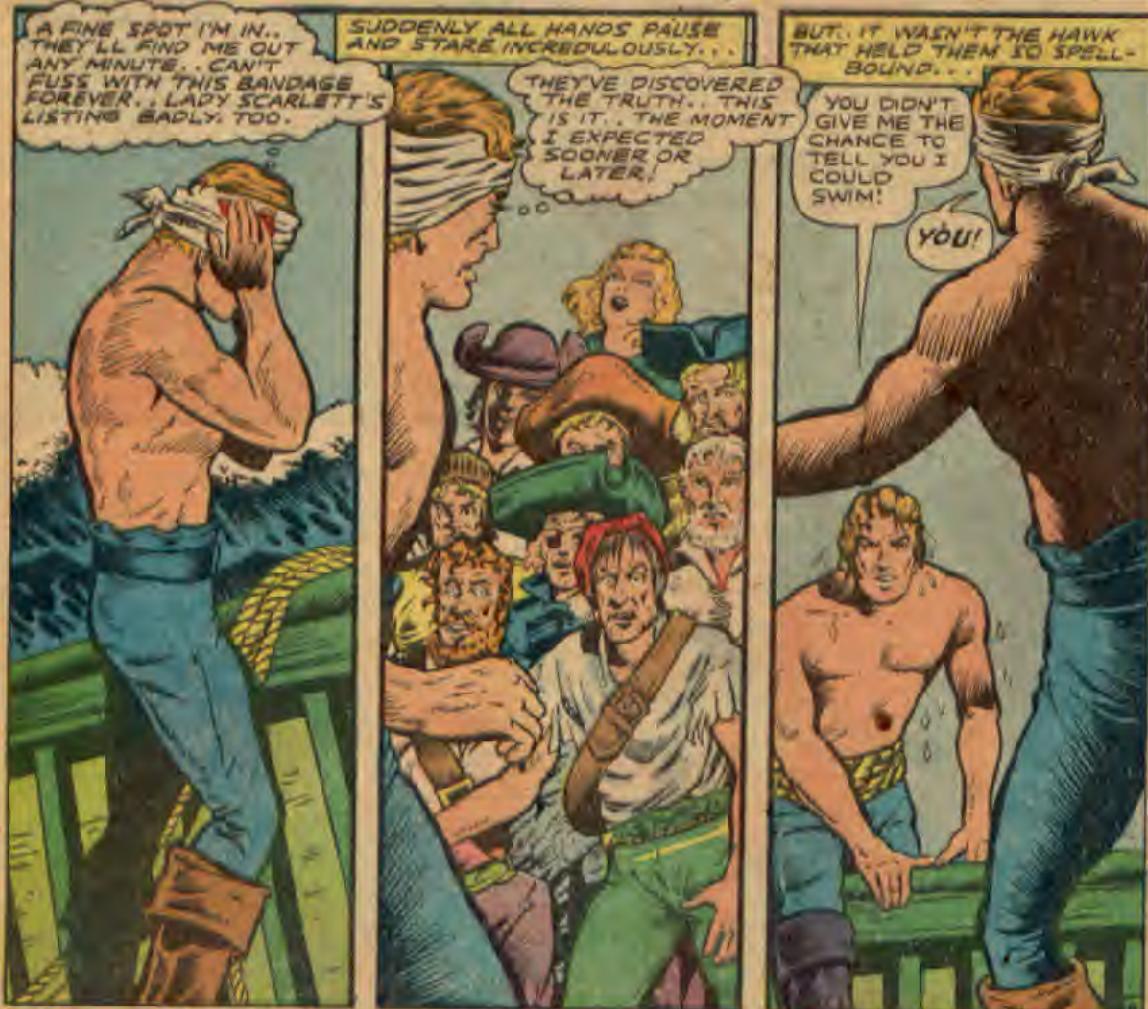
'TIS A COMFORT AFTER WHAT WE'VE BEEN THROUGH.



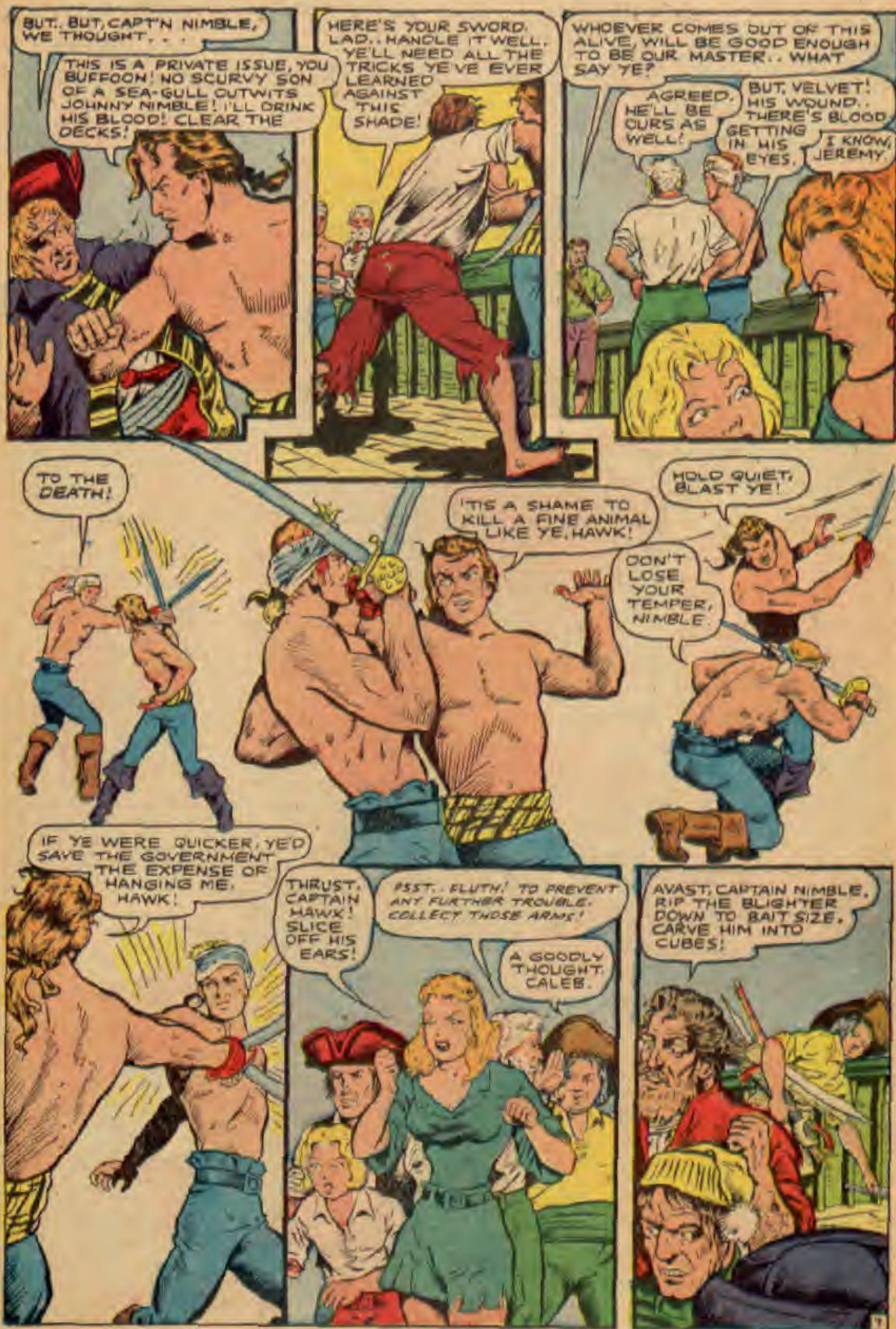




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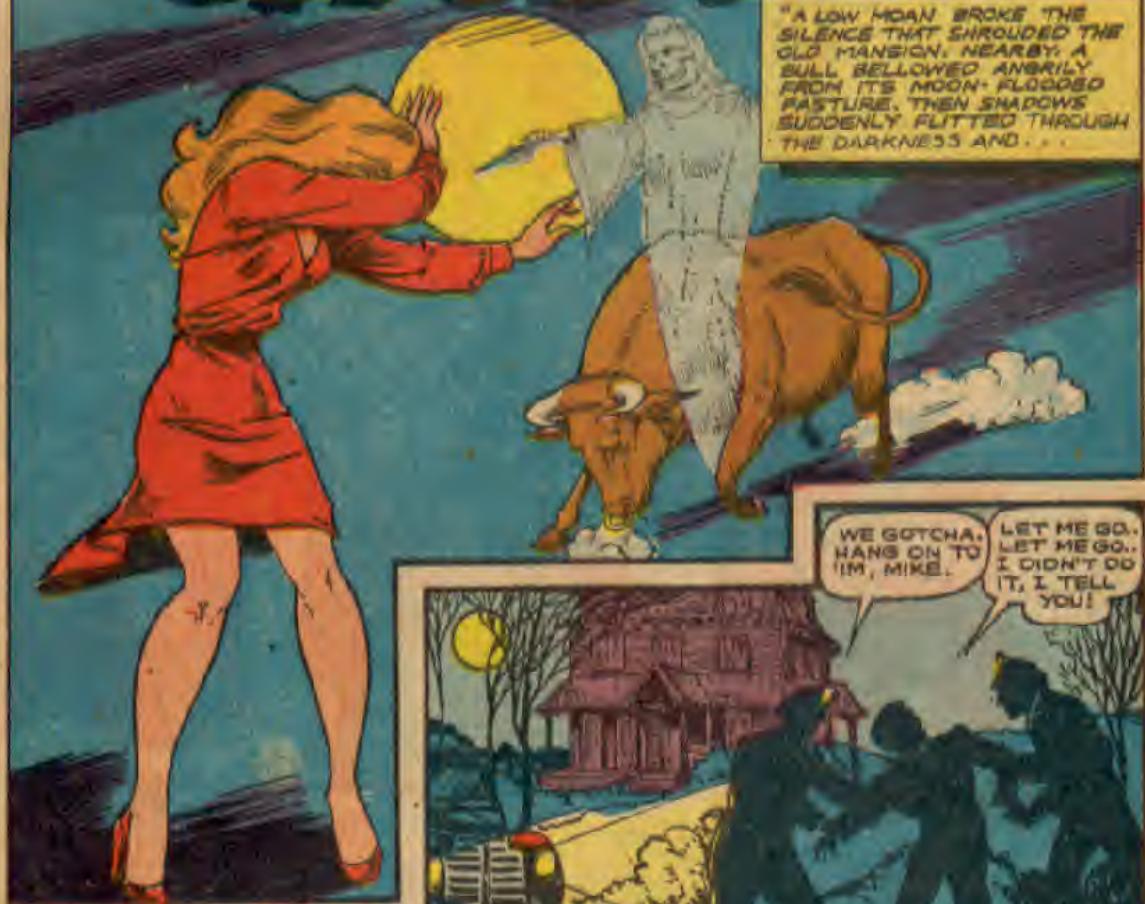




THE GHOST GALLERY

BY GENE
MCDOUGAL

"A LOW MOAN BROKE THE SILENCE THAT SHROUDED THE GLO MANSION. NEARBY, A BULL BELLOWED ANGRILY FROM ITS MOON-FLOODED PASTURE, THEN SHADOWS SUDDENLY FLUTTED THROUGH THE DARKNESS AND . . .



"THE DAY AFTER OUR GRANDFATHER DIED, THAT'S HIS HOUSE OVER THERE, WE EACH RECEIVED A LETTER FROM HIM SAYING THAT HIS ESTATE WAS PRACTICALLY GONE, BUT HE HAD SOME MONEY HIDDEN ABOVE HIS FIRE-PLACE THAT HE WANTED US TO HAVE. THIS AFTERNOON WE CAME UP HERE. AND... "

PERHAPS SOMEONE IS WAITING INSIDE... WATCHING US TO SEE WHERE GRAMP HID THE MONEY.

IF YOU WANT YOUR SHARE, YOU GOTTA STOP BEING A CRY-BABY. AH.. THERE GOES THE LOCK.

I'M SCARED, ROGER, I SUPPOSE SOMEONE SAW US?

AW.. COME ON.. THERE'S NO ONE AROUND.

LOOK, ROGER... LOOK OUT THERE ON THE LAWN!

LISTEN.. I HEAR FOOT- STEPS DOWN-STAIRS.

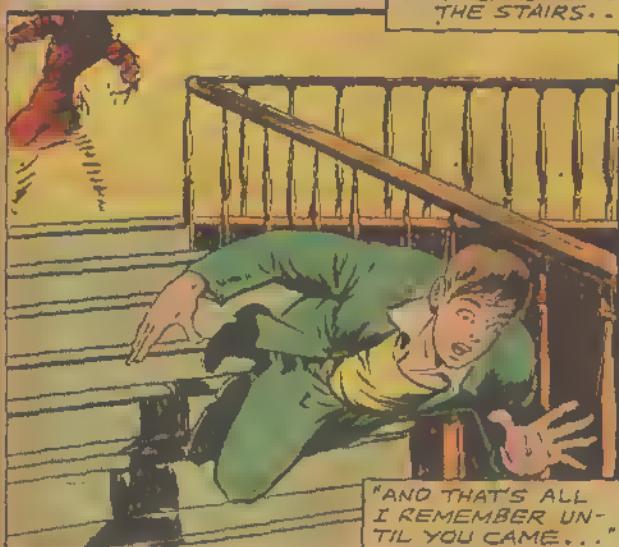
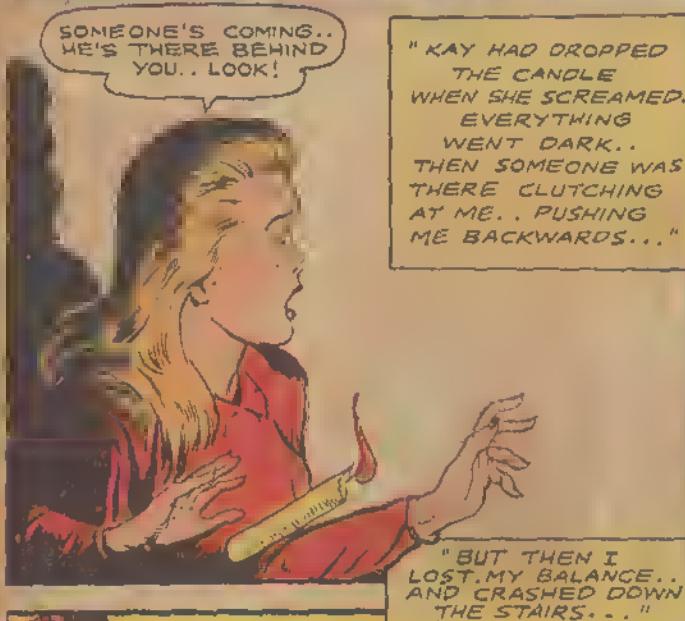
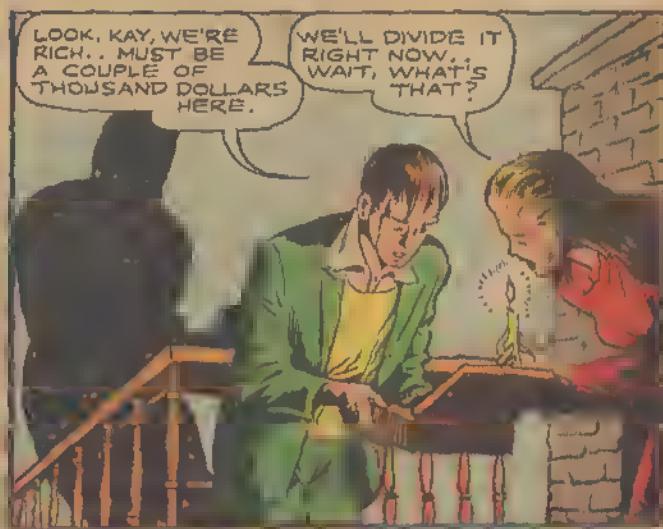
CUT IT OUT, YOU'LL GIVE ME THE CREEPS. LIGHT THE CANDLE AND I'LL START LOOKING FOR THE DOUGH.

THAT GIRL DOWN THERE.. LISTEN.

MOON BRIGHT.. MOON LIGHT.. PERHAPS I WILL DIE TO- NIGHT.

YEAH.. I KNOW HER.. BUT FORGET HER.

SHE'S CRAZY.. LIVES OUT IN THE WOODS ALONE WITH HER PIGS.. HARMLESS AS A KITTEN. BRING THE LIGHT OVER HERE.



JUMBO COMICS



JUMBO COMICS

"THEN IT WAS THAT I, DAWW MURDOCH, BECAME MIXED UP IN THE STORY. IT WAS NEARLY MIDNIGHT AND I WAS DRIVING ON THE BOSTON POST ROAD WHEN . . ."





* I COULD
SEE ONLY A
RAY OF
MOONLIGHT
THROWING
CURIOS
PATTERNS
ON THE FLOOR.
BUT THAT
THE BOY SAW
SOMETHING,
I WAS
CERTAIN.
SO WHEN
HE TURNED..."



HE WAS EXCITED... AND
SOMEWHERE ALONG THE
WAY HAD DROPPED THE
GUN. I COULD HAVE
OVERPOWERED HIM
THEN. BUT SOMETHING
MADE ME GO ON.







"BUT DESPITE KAY'S DENIAL.. SHE WAS FOUND GUILTY AND PAID THE SUPREME PENALTY FOR THE CRIME. THE IRONY OF THE CASE WAS THAT THOUGH ROGER THOUGHT IT WAS KAY'S GHOST LEADING US TO THE PIG-WOMAN, IT WAS ACTUALLY THE POOR CRAZY PIG-WOMAN'S GHOST THAT LED US TO KAY.
Drew Murdoch

“GHOST GALLERY IN EVERY ISSUE OF JUMBO COMICS!

BIGGEST SHOW ON EARTH

A SIX-RING GALAXY OF STARS



CAPTAIN WINGS
...INTREPID
DYNAMIC...IN
WINGS COMICS!

KAANGA THE
MIGHTY...IN
JUNGLE COMICS!

SHEENA, QUEEN
OF THE JUNGLE...
IN JUMBO COMICS!

FIREHAIR, BREATHLESS
SPIRIT OF THE AMERICAN
FRONTIER...IN
RANGERS COMICS!

SEÑORITA RIO... DASHING
...DEADLY...IN
FIGHT COMICS!

HUNT BOWMAN,
BATTING FOR A
LOST WORLD...IN
PLANET COMICS!

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